

Nine Artists

"My Husband Makes Movies"

Visit "[My Husband Makes Movies](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

REPORTERS]

Not since Charlie Chaplin
Has there ever been a film Director
Like this

[FIRST REPORTER]

Mrs. Contini, is there any truth to the rumor
that your marriage is in jeopardy?

[LUISA]

None whatsoever.

My husband makes movies.
To make them he lives a kind of dream
In which his actions aren't always
What they seem.
He may be on to some unique romantic
Theme.
Some men catch fish, some men tie
Flies,
Some earn their living baking bread.
My husband, he goes a little crazy
Making movies instead.

My husband spins fantasies,
He lives them, then gives them to you
All.
When he was working on the film on
Ancient Rome,
He made the slave girls take the
Gladiators home.
Some men buy stocks, some men punch
Clocks,
Some leap where others dare to tread.
My husband as author and director,
Makes up stories in his head.

Guido Contini, Luisa Contini,
Number one genius and number one fan,
Guido Contini, Luisa Contini,
Daughter of well-to-do Florentine

Clan,
Long ago, twenty years ago,
Once the names were Guido Contini,
Luisa Del Forno,
Actress with dreams and a life of her
Own,
Passionate, wild and in love on Livorno,
Singing with Guido all night on the
Phone.
Long ago, someone else ago, how he
Needs me so,
And he'll be the last to know it.

My husband makes movies.
To make them, he makes himself
Obsessed.
He goes for weeks on end without a
Bit of rest,
No other way can he achiev his level
Best.

Some men read books, some shine their
shoes,
Some retire early when they've seen
The evening news.
My husband only rarely comes to bed,
My husband makes movies instead,
My husband...makes movies...

[FIRST REPORTER]
Thank you very much, Mrs. Contini.

Visit [Nine Artists](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.